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# The Explosion



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## Chapter 1 by Kaitlyn Boroska

My head throbbed as I sat up, clutching my sword. Everything was hazy and fire decorated the camp as though it had always been there, burning endlessly. I looked around for someone I knew, but my memories were fading quickly. "B-Bradon! Cam-... -den..." I croaked, trying to call out, but I soon stopped as I forgot who I was calling for. Through the fire, I saw a man slice someone's head off and it hit the ground with an sickening thud. I opened my mouth to scream, but nothing except a dry shout of pain rang out as I moved myself onto my side.

I pulled myself upright, clutching onto a piece of wood that hung from a ruined house I lay by. I stumbled blindly through the fire, my throat and nose burning from the smoke and ashes I breathed in.

Every step became more and more painful as I trudged through the ruined town. I could barely remember why I had even been here, and I struggled once more to keep my memories in check. Only the memory of one person still stuck in my mind, fresh and vivid. "Bradon!" I coughed. "Someone... please..."

I had a fit of coughing and I fought back a wave of nausea. Stumbling, I made my way out of the flames that begged to consume me, eventually reaching the edge of the village safely. Singed and too tired to continue on, I fell to the cold earth of the forest floor. "Bradon!" I cried out once

more, but deep inside I knew it was useless. Anything in that blast would have died. Should have died. I should have died.

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cried out, but I couldn't remember why I was crying out anymore, or why I needed to push on. I crawled as far as my body would allow me to go. I fought another wave of nausea, but the darkness won and reclaimed me once more.

### Chapter 2 by ki11erwha1e987



Huh? Where am I? I look around the empty space and see nothing but darkness. All of a sudden (in a great flash of light that almost blinds you... stupid light) words appear out of what seems to be thin air. It says you have died, game over, insert coin to continue. You wake up in an empty arcade..... you have no idea where you are, or who you are, or what the crap just happened. You walk out of the arcade and into the rest of the world..... to be continued.

### Chapter 3 by Mary Hulsizer



"Where am I?", you say breathlessly. The arcade is empty. It seems as though no one has entered for years. Suddenly, you see a man approach you. "Welcome to Willsboro", he says with a devilish grin. He grabs you firmly by the arm. You have no idea what happened or where you're going. He opens an underground hatch and throws you in...  
To be continued...

### Chapter 4 by Rheon



"Bradon!" I sat up, surrounded by darkness and cold, dull floor. I was in the forest again, the smoldering ruins of a camp before me, ancient trees framing it like a picture. Where was I? Not now, but then ...in a building, surrounded by tall boxes with glass windows. A figure had grabbed me, tossed me in a hole – was he a wizard, was she a crone?

Something exploded in the distance; a final echo of the disaster. The blast jarred me from my reverie of the dream – back to Bradon, or Camden. Was there one, were there two? Was there a Bradon, was I Camden?

Rolling to my knees, I straightened awkwardly to find my feet. My clothes were covered in dirt and soot, ash and blood. Blood! I was bleeding, wait, was I? I breathed slowly, feeling around my

body. No injuries were apparent, but if it wasn't my blood then who's? I couldn't see anyone else around, not even charred bodies. I reached for a sword though I saw that and picked it up. It was heavy, but I held it. I wiped the dried blood. Wiping it across my sleeve I sneezed.

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Underfoot, I could hear the crunch and soft swallow of broken and burnt remains. Everything was gone – the tents, the supplies, the racks from which hunted deer had hung. I was standing in a warped rendering of what had been, like some child's scribbled version of a camp they knew from stories. Then I stopped, back at where I had come to wake before escaping the plague of fire. By my feet, I saw a glimmer of silver below charred wood. Reaching down, I brushed aside the ash and lifted it.

"What are you?" I wiped the trinket with a gloved hand. On a chain hung a star, broken by design where the right two points would be. At the center, a woman's face could be seen carved into it. She was screaming in horror, as if tortured by some unseen devil when the etching had been done.

I pocketed the star and knelt again, brushing and blowing aside what remained of the razed camp. Beneath where the star had been, I found a small shield with the same woman's face painted into its steel. What did this mean? Who was this woman of agony?

Then there, protected from the fires and heat by the shield, a dagger carved from wood lay. It was nothing more than an heirloom, a toy – no function was possible. In the handle though, a word was carved that gave me the heaviest pause.

'Bradon'.

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